

Life

AUGUST 2, 1923

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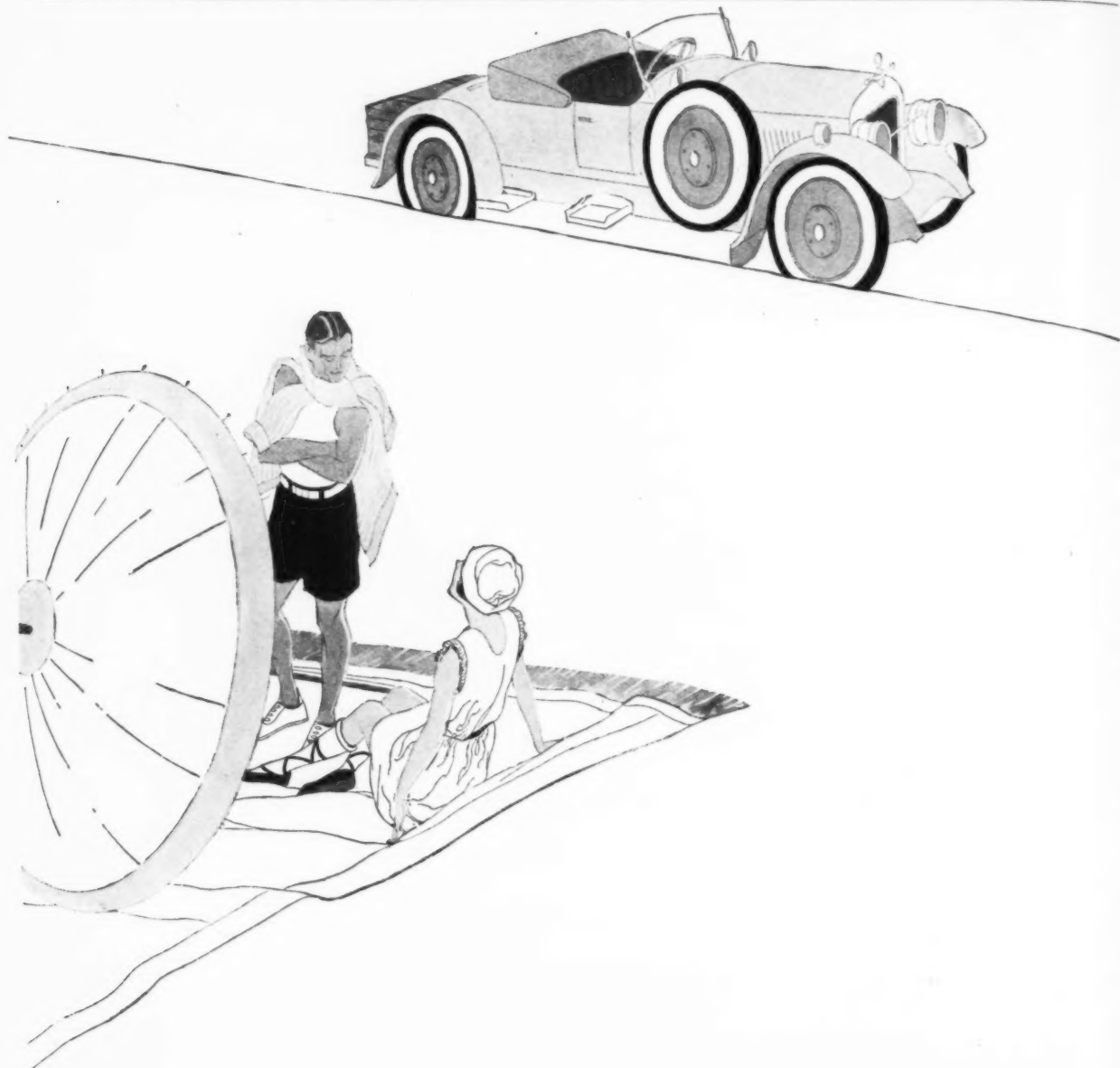


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A Confession of Indifference

ARNOLD BENNETT is continually inscribing tomes about the things that have interested him in the course of his observant life, and his opinions are devoured by readers, who share his enthusiasms merely because he happens to be Arnold Bennett.

Even though I haven't written any *Old Wives' Tales* myself, and have never visited even one of the Five Towns, I have been around a bit, and I am just as eager to record my likes and dislikes as is Mr. Bennett. Consequently, I have in mind a volume, the publication rights of which are placed herewith on the open market, to be entitled "Things That Have Not Interested Me." I feel that the insertion of the negative will save me from possible infringement on Mr. Bennett's copyright.

Among the chapter headings in "Things That Have Not Interested Me," will be found the following subjects:

- Psychoanalysis.
- Interviews with Prominent Captains of Commerce.
- Reform Waves.
- The Department of Justice of the United States of America.
- The Moscow Art Theatre.
- All Other Art Theatres.
- Dr. Frank Crane.
- The Younger Generation.
- Efficiency Charts.
- Weeks.
- Will H. Hays.
- People Who Say, "Personally, I Never Took a Drink Before Prohibition."
- Fashion Hints for the Well-Dressed Man.
- Six-Day Bicycle Races.
- Fight Experts.
- Correspondence Schools in Motion Picture Acting.
- The United States Senate.
- The House of Representatives.
- The Educational Theories of Thomas A. Edison.
- Screen Beauty Contests.
- George Harvey.

I could name, off-hand, several hundred more subjects—but I don't want to give away the whole plot of my book. In the meantime, publishers who are interested in a sure-selling proposition will know where to find me.

R. E. S.

A Kiss Defined

- Baby: Fate.
- The Lover: Life.
- A Mother: Pay.
- Any Reformer: Crime.
- The Movie Star: Drudgery.
- Sailors: Memory.
- The Author of Best Sellers: Copy.
- Popular Song Writers: Poetry.
- M. D.'s: Risk.

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And the more overtime there is in the merchandise the less overtime it takes to find a market.

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We still take 45 minutes Overtime to seal the flavor in.

But it doesn't take any Overtime at all to keep the flavor sold.

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The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

**CHANGE TO THE BRAND
THAT NEVER CHANGES**



Rhymed Reviews Mr. Podd

By Freeman Tilden

The Macmillan Co.

"LET's organize a rescue squad
To save the world and teach it,
later!"

Said wealthy Mr. William Podd,
The famous nozzle-fabricator.

"I'll stock an ocean-faring ship
With chosen souls and ample ra-
tions
And take a globe-encircling trip
To start the Brotherhood of Na-
tions."

Then flocked the Pilgrims, red and
pink—
The Reverend Loasby, devil-dodger,
Miss Peebles, Mrs. Tantruss, Fink,
Lucretia Frale and Doctor Bodger.

And all on board had schemes to heal
Our universe, but Captain Rumble,
Miss Willa, Waddick, Dostey, Neale
And Julius Pickbill, kind and hum-
ble.

The crew had likewise thought and
planned;
They rose in communistic riot
And set the ardent pilgrim band
Ashore upon a desert eyot.

There let us leave them high and dry
Proclaiming truths and making mo-
tions
With lots of leisure time to try
Their patent world-preserving no-
tions.

Oh, no; it doesn't prove a thing,
This lightsome tale is just amus-
ing;
It may not make the welkin ring,
But anyhow it's worth perusing.

I wonder, though, does Mr. Podd
(Whose nozzle works increase their
earnings)
Return to this his native sod
With presidential hopes and yearn-
ings? A. G.

Appreciation

DINNER at the Dumbleduns' had been delightful, and, as I toyed with the coffee, I turned to the little debutante on my left, and launched into a discussion upon the origin of essences, upon the city of Carcassonne, upon Swedish poetry, upon the cosmetics employed by the Manchu women, upon dry-point etching, upon steeplechase racing, upon the study of phonetics. The young lady's eyes fairly sparkled; her pretty face radiated interest. "Tell me," she said, when I had finished, "do you think the Tiffle-bys' beach party will be fun to-morrow night?"

St. Louis smoker moves into second place

With 405 cans to his credit Mr. Thurston smokes his way towards the lead

Mr. Byron Thurston of St. Louis is more than qualified for membership in the Edgeworth Club. But his position in the championship-smoker class is not so well established. Mr. Thurston's interesting letter follows:

Hotel Garni, St. Louis, Mo.
Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I have often heard of great smokers of one kind of tobacco.

I have smoked 405 cans of Edgeworth Plug Slice, 35c size, without changing.

Now if you know of any better record I would be glad to hear from you. I smoke one can of tobacco in two days and enjoy every pipeful.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Byron Thurston

More than a year ago an Edgeworth smoker from Burlington, Vermont, Mr. H. F. Baldwin, wrote in suggesting that he had smoked more Edgeworth than any other living man. At that time he had smoked over 1000 cans of the same size purchased by Mr. Thurston, distributed over a period of nearly a score of years.

So while it appears today that Mr. Thurston is well behind the leader, if he continues smoking a can every two days, it may be only a matter of years before he will be well in advance of the entire field.

Edgeworth has something about it that holds smokers.



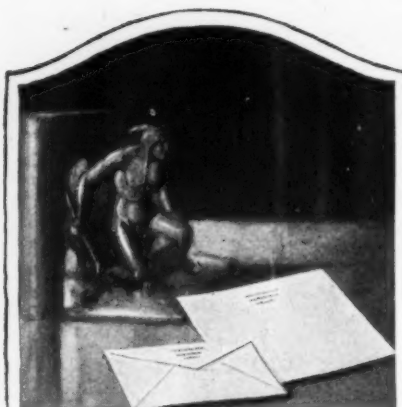
If you have never tried Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will be glad to send you free samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Just drop a postcard to Larus & Brother Company, 63 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and the free samples will be forwarded to you promptly.

If you will also include the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed come in small, pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors, and in handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



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The American Stationery Co.
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COUPON
THE AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.
829 PARK AVE., PERU, INDIANA

Gentlemen: Herewith is \$1.00 for 200 sheets and 100 envelopes of American Stationery to be printed as shown on attached slip. (Note: To avoid errors, write or print copy plainly.)

MONEY READILY REFUNDED IF YOU
ARE NOT WHOLLY SATISFIED

The Story of the Unfortunate Mr. Jones

It had been a boring evening—a very boring evening indeed. In the first place, the dinner had been especially dismal—an uninteresting assemblage and the dullest of conversation; then a wretched play, during the entr'acte of which it had been impossible to effect an exit; and afterward, supper—truly the sorriest supper poor Jones had ever attended. And it was during supper that some idiot had insisted that the party should all come to his apartment. Jones's heart sank within him, and he began mentally to formulate all varieties of excuses upon which to hang his escape. He *must* leave; that much was certain. Suddenly his hostess turned to him, beaming radiantly. "Before I forget," she said, "you must promise to join us again next Tuesday for dinner."

Here was his opportunity to nip the whole business in the bud, to definitely and decidedly disrupt all further relations, to finish it all. Of course, diplomacy was necessary. Mythical business appointments, pseudo-camping trips, fictitious yachting cruises raced rapidly through his mind. He might even be going abroad, he recollected. Then, everything became confused, jumbled, inconclusive. He could think of absolutely no excuse. In truth, he could think of nothing. His imagination had refused to function. "I should love to dine with you Tuesday," he told her. "There's nothing that would give me greater pleasure."

C. G. S.



NEW GARTER FOR CROOKED LEGS
(Patented)
MAKES TROUSERS HANG STRAIGHT
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self-adjustable
It holds
Socks Up—Shirt Down
Not a
"Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs
Free Circular
Plain, sealed envelope
THE T. GARTER CO.
Dept. 28, New London, New Hampshire

Monetary

THERE is probably no truth in the report that the employees of the Philadelphia mint have organized and propose to strike, alleging that they can not make any money.

"Give an example of how circumstances alter cases."

"Milwaukee isn't famous any more."



Why Be Satisfied With Poor Clubs?

It costs no more and it is a simple matter to make sure of getting first class clubs. A poor club not only causes a well executed shot to go astray, but it ruins your confidence and your game soon falls off.

The shaft counts for more than any other part of the club. On it depends the strength, the balance and the "feel". In these days of such uncertain hickory thousands are turning to the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft, because every one is made exactly the same in quality yet they come in all degrees of whippiness so that any type of hickory shafted club can be duplicated. They will not warp—they are exceptionally strong and dependable.

Bristol Steel Shafted Clubs are supplied by The Crawford, McGregor & Canby Co., Dayton, Ohio; A. G. Spalding & Bros., New York; Thos. E. Wilson & Co., Chicago; The Hillerich & Bradshaw Co., Louisville, Ky; and The Burke Golf Co., Newark, Ohio.

The Horton Manufacturing Company, Bristol, Conn.

"Bristol"
Steel Fishing Rods

Go fishing—it is an ideal vacation sport, but be sure you have the best tackle. Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, Meek and Blue Grass Reels and Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines come for every kind of fishing. They are known by all fishermen.

Bristol Meek and Kingfisher Catalogs mailed free on request.

"Bristol"
Steel Golf Shaft

NOTICE: Basic and Supplementary Patents covering Steel Golf Shafts are controlled exclusively by us.

Who Laughs First

I've lived my life for two-score years
And now, when harking back
To bygone loves, to hopes and fears,
My romances—or lack,
I smile, amused in mild amaze
At youthful sentiment,
And chuckle that in those far days
I strove at love's intent.

And yet, I wonder, as a youth
If I had seen me now,
A man of season'd loves, in truth,
Despite my thinning brow,
On bended knee before a maid—
My waist a trifle stout—
If I'd have smiled; no, I'm afraid
I would have laughed right out!

L. A. M.



**The Hand That Rocks The Cradle
Can Also Swing The Brush**
**WHITING-ADAMS
BRUSHES**
Insure even tempers on odd jobs.
Send for Illustrated Literature
JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U.S.A.
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Largest in the World

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A New Production by
PACKARD



Those who ride in a Packard Single-Eight invariably say it surpasses any previous motor experience.

The new engineering principles embodied in the Single-Eight mark it as a car apart from and above any claimant for comparison.

A single ride establishes new standards of appreciation—of fleetness, acceleration, flexibility and motoring luxury.

In appearance, the Single-Eight typifies the connoisseur's ideal of a superlatively beautiful motor car. Its grace

of line and brilliance of finish make it dominant wherever it appears.

The Packard Motor Car Company invites you to ride in this beautiful new car—to see for yourself that it exceeds in every way the previous best among fine cars.

*Furnished in Nine Distinguished Body Types, Open and Enclosed,
at Prices Ranging from \$3650 to \$4950, at Detroit*

Life

Birth Control of the Seas

IT happened that the Herring met
The French Sardine one day
As she was urging her small fry
Into the school, from play.

"The morning's greetings, dear Sardine,"
The friendly Herring cried.
"My love, I have some wondrous news
I'm bursting to confide.

"The Turbot told it at the Crab's,
She had it from the Sole—
The very latest thing in thought
To-day, is birth-control.

"Oh, think, Sardine, what this will mean
To such poor fish as we,
Who give to Commerce, without stint,
Our countless progeny!"

"Non, non, chère Herring, say not so;
To talk like that, *c'est mal*.
I know 'tis sad to give our young
For Sandwiches, *et al*.

"But Life, at best, is just a span
Which lasts from tide to tide.
Then why peer into the Beyond
Of Herring, smoked or dried?"

The Herring snorted. "Boneless fish!
Go furnish food for man!
And have your epitaph inscribed
Upon an old tin can.

"But as for me, my duty's clear;
Henceforth, I'll roam the seas,
And lead a herring's higher life,
And do just as I please."

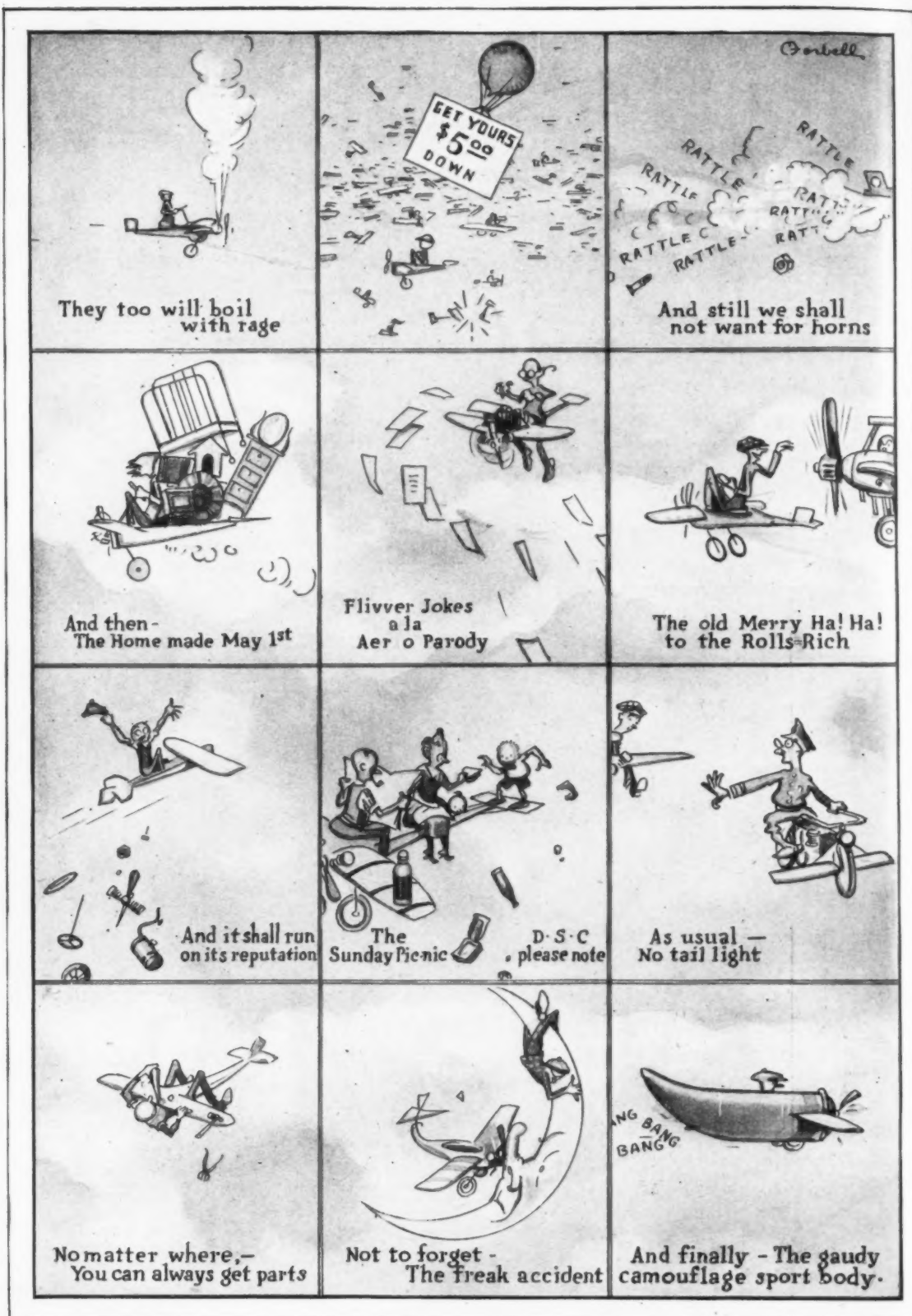
Edwina Davis.



Owner: HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU FOR THE DAY'S WORK?

Ditch Digger: THREE DOLLARS IS WHAT I GET.

"COULDN'T YOU MAKE IT A LITTLE LESS? YOU KNOW I'VE HELPED YOU ALL DAY LONG."



Spending the Summer

I ALWAYS spend the summer at home.

It is so much more broadening than spending it at any single poky little summer resort.

I spend my vacation at home to partake pictorially and souvenirishly of the vacations of all my friends.

This season, so far, I have collected the following:

1 Birch-Bark Match-Holder labelled Camp Cantankerino.

2 Pine Pillows: proof of pleasant time had in Adirondacks.

1 Small Hand-Engraved Boulder: proof of pleasant climb made up Mount Monadnock.

2 Hand-Painted Sea-Shells: proof of bath at Atlantic City.

500 Picture Post-Cards, offering condolence for my city-bound condition, and averring passionately: "This is God's Country!"

And 1,000 "Fine-Time-Wish-You-Were-Here" Cards, emphatic notifications that—among other places—I am wanted in Topeka, Seattle, Camp U-No-Me, the Fiji Islands, Lake Michigan, Atlantic Ocean, Cathedral at Amiens, M. E. Church in Kankakee, Beth-El Synagogue in Cincinnati, Sing Sing Prison, and the Johns Hopkins Hospital. C. B. E.

MR. GOOF (pointing to an architectural atrocity, painted a horrible shade of red): There's our new cottage, dear. I bought it with the money my father left.

HIS FIANCEE: I see. Sold your birthright for a mess of cottage?



THE HON. THOMAS W. MILLER, ALIEN PROPERTY CUSTODIAN, WHO HAS MANAGED GERMAN PROPERTY SO SUCCESSFULLY THAT IT IS RUMORED HE WILL SOON BE GIVEN A MANDATE OVER THE RUHR.



Mrs. Tompkins: I'VE JUST BEEN READING "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS" OVER AGAIN AND I ENJOYED IT AS MUCH AS EVER. YOU'VE READ IT, OF COURSE?

Mrs. Stuyvesant-Jones: NO, I MUST CONFESS I HAVEN'T EVEN READ THE FIRST YET.



"MAYBE IF WE'D SMOKED CIGARETTES INSTEAD OF THESE INSIDIOUS PIPES WE'D A' BEEN BANK PRESIDENTS OR RAILROAD DIRECTORS OR SUMPIN' WORTH WHILE, TOO."

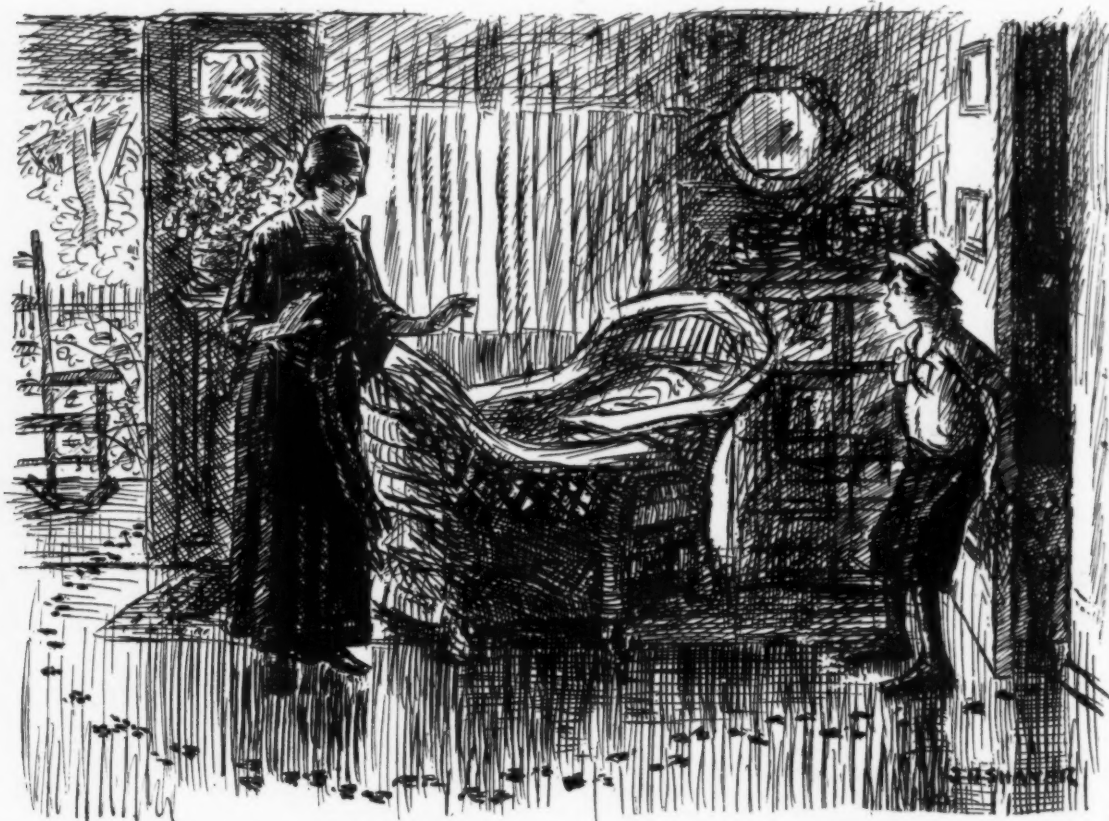
What Started the War

THE real cause of the Punic Wars was not, as usually stated by the historians, commercial rivalry, but the efforts of the Aryan-Mediterranean League to show that the Romans and Carthaginians were descended from the same Indo-Iranian stock, and should therefore live in amity. Recent data shows that there was an organized movement to promote peace and goodwill between the North African and Roman peoples, and that Carthaginian poets, novelists and statesmen were sent to Rome to lecture on the common aspirations of the world's two greatest cities. Despite the fulminations of William Randolph Cato war might have been averted, had not Carthage sent as ambassador one Georgius Harveus, who made an oration in which he declared that in all but race and nationality he was a Roman. After that nothing remained but to declare ruthless, devastating, exterminating war.

To the Moon

LOVE has no need of you—gaudy futility—
Youth is sufficient and Cupid's agility;
And if the poets have made quite a bit of you,
What are you, sir, getting right down to it? A view—
Pretty to look at, but only admissible
When it should happen the girl is unmissable!

AN educated man is one who can quote Shakespeare without crediting it to the Bible.



"I GUESS I MUST HAVE BROUGHT THAT MUD IN, MOTHER. I'LL CLEAN IT UP."



"DO YOU LIKE THIS THING, DAUGHTER?"
 "A-YES. I DON'T THINK IT'S SUCCESSFUL AS AN EXPRESSIONISTIC EFFORT, BUT VERY INTERESTING
 AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

July
26th

Awake betimes, and telling Samuel of the cooks I did interview yesterday, and how one of them, with long earrings and as good English as mine own save for an accent, had professed to be a member of the Hungarian nobility, whereat he did threaten me with Dr. Brill for not having employed her, forasmuch as aristocracy itself could not be nearly so overbearing and refractory as the nationalized peasantry we are wont to employ. But when I reminded him that it might have meant a deal of goulash, he became tranquil and fell to reading the publick prints....Forwent my breakfast this day, continuous week-end feasting of late having brought me again to the computation of calories, a depressing business. And so to my exercises, in the doing of which I let fly one of my dumbbells, and it crashed through a great mirror; portending that I shall have bad luck for seven years, which God forbid....Kate Mitchell to luncheon, and she did recount how the untrained waitress which she was forced to take on had greeted her dinner guests as they entered the dining-room

with "Good evening, all!" thereby breaking considerable ice as well as the conventions....Reading this night in a book called "Piracy," extremely immoral and amusing.

July
27th

Off for Tuxedo, to visit Mistress Thomas, and not having been on a ferry save in a motor for some time I was astonished at the smart raiment of the children, even those with mothers looking like Ellis Island being apparently turned out by De Pinna. Later, in the train, two people sitting next me did exchange so much misinformation that I was at some pains not to interrupt and set them right, in especial when one said that Jane Cowl played opposite Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies"....Upon arriving, a short drive around the Park, very beautiful, and then tea, after which we fell to bridge, but could not play out the last rubber because of the dinner hour's imminence. And we found, after the meal, that the butler had thrown away the unfinished score, so my partner and I, one game to the

(Continued on page 32)

Life Lines

ROCKEFELLER gave away nickels instead of dimes on his birthday this year. He probably is saving up for an old age.

Some of the liquor now being brought into this country is certainly the three-mile limit.

There is nothing particularly new about the proposed presidential platform for Henry Ford—"No Place Like Home." Only a few years ago the American people chose a similar one for Mr. Bryan.

Professor Fisher, of Yale, has announced that the phrase, "Yes, We Have No Bananas," is grammatically correct.

The authors of the song will therefore be permitted to keep their royalties, after all.

Now is the time for the various candidates to try to enlist Hearst's support—for their opponents.

No, Myrtle, they don't call them bucket shops because they are constantly being bailed out.



DANCERS WE MEET
THE GAY HOP-ABOUT AND HIS UNEMOTIONAL WIFE.

Germany, says the *World*, has made an offer containing the germ of a settlement.

Referred to the Rockefeller Institute, Department of Germ Isolation.

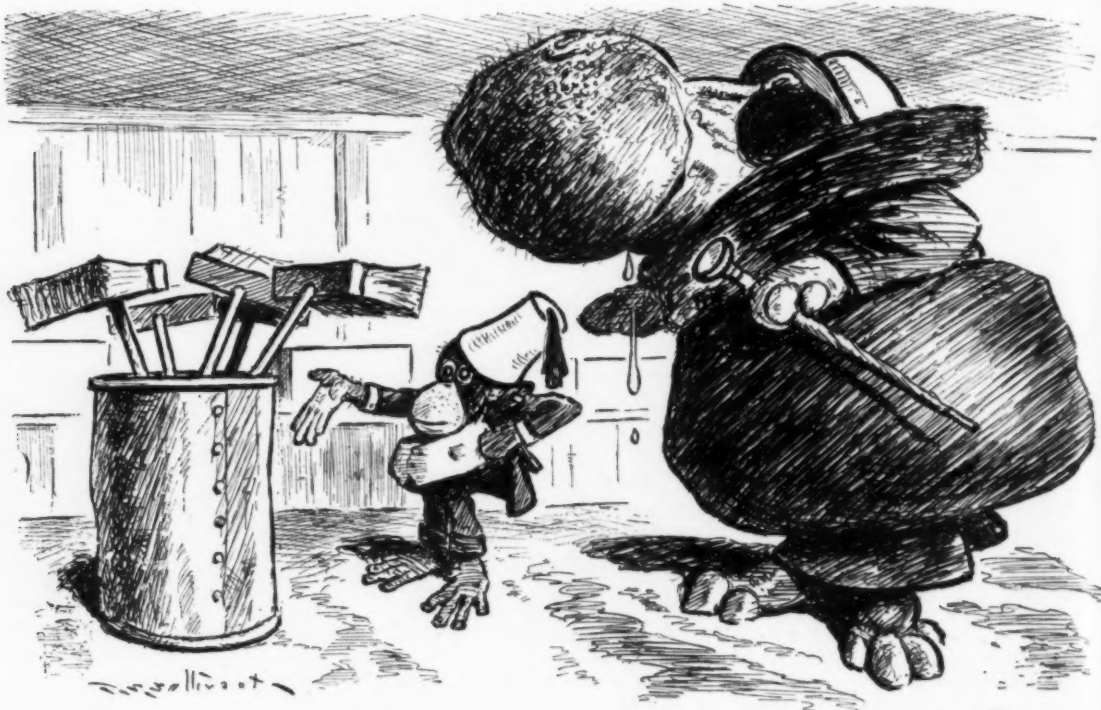
In view of the report that H. G. Wells is coming to America to edit the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, we imagine that *Snappy Stories* will put in a strong bid for the services of George Bernard Shaw.

The most pitiable criminal in the world is the German who was arrested recently for manufacturing counterfeit marks.

President Harding's revised itinerary calls for a stop at New York on August 27th, after which he will set foot once more on American soil.

A good many of our more advanced thinkers have given up thinking the things they used to think because the things they used to think are no longer being thought.

Song for the Shipping Board: The Ships that Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine.



Mrs. Hippo: HOW MUCH ARE THESE TOOTHBRUSHES?



THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES DEBATES A MINOR
APPROPRIATION BILL



Admirer: WAS THAT YOUR STORY I READ IN THIS MONTH'S Skyrocket?
Author (whose manuscript has been butchered by the editor): WELL, THE ITALICS ARE MINE.

A Review of a Few Seaside Resorts

Southampton

CARLOTTA who played bridge from three in the afternoon till four the next morning...Edith who would gaze soulfully at the waves and ask me if I believed in spiritualism...Marian who never missed a night at Canoe Place Inn...Annette who would take me driving in her runabout to the North Sea and invariably stall her car in the woods...Helen who always beat me at golf...Gertrude who would read Laurence Hope all day on the veranda of the Irving House...Audrey who, one moonlit night at Rose's Grove, told me she could not marry on account of her husband.

Narragansett Pier

Clara who was always organizing beach picnics for grass widowers...Susanne who appeared at a fancy dress party at the Casino as Lady Godiva...Julia who was engaged to seven different men in one summer...Leonie who manufactured the best home-brew within miles...Rose who had been endeavoring to land a husband for nine consecutive seasons...Linda who was getting a Rhode Island divorce...Doris who used to tell every man that he was the only one she could ever love.

Santa Barbara

Lucy who insisted upon teaching me classic dancing...Elaine who ran away to Hollywood...Winifred who wrote amorous verses to me for three months...Sybil who was forever making platitudes about the grandeur of nature...Edna who knew a man in San Francisco who sold it for eight dollars a quart...Nancy who inveigled me into amateur theatricals...Olga who, the day after we had plighted our troth, married the undertaker.

Atlantic City

Estelle, Jeanne, Louise, Mildred, Adelaide, Ruby, Ellen, Grace, Muriel, Peggy, Catharine, Nellie, Josephine, Fanny, Madeline, Blanche, Emily, Alice, Bessie, Matilda, Virginia, Sylvia, Caroline, Lydia, Margot, Kitty, Carrie....

Refreshing

A CHICAGO man has invented a machine for making ice cream without using ice. Thus the simple operation is rendered complete. Several years ago numerous manufacturers learned that ice cream could be made without using cream, and now with this newest invention all one has to do to get some ice cream is to get it.

Regression—1923

"The reading public has been fed up on the war. It is but languidly interested in rehabilitation. The American attitude might be summed up in the phrase: 'The war is old stuff; let us forget it.'—Daily paper.

GOD of our grafters, blown of gold,
Lord of our star-flung sample line,
Within whose lawful land we sold
And sell wood alcohol and wine (!)—
Lord God of Toasts (be with us wet),
Let us forget—let us forget!

The Khaki clans demobilize,
The Congress and the Kings adjourn:
Still stand our pacifistic guys
Who did and do not give a darn.
Ach Gott mit uns; alretty yet
Let us forget—let us forget!

'Tis well the armies melt away,
The ships are scrapped, the forts are fired.
Yet those who died but yesterday
That we might live?... "Ya make me tired!"...
For this, and for the wanton word—
Forbearance for our people, Lord!

Trowbridge Larned.

In these days of ten-dollar silk hosiery, many a girl gets a good run for her money.



"DID YOU GET HOME SAFE?"
"NO SUCH LUCK. I WOKE UP MY WIFE."



"PORTRAIT OF MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.
HE GOT A BALL THROUGH THE HEAD AT BUNKER HILL."
"HIT BY ONE OF THOSE CARELESS GOLFERS THAT DIDN'T
YELL 'FORE,' I SUPPOSE."

The Cherry Chase

A REALLY dressy lemonade, on which some former barkeeper has lavished all his pent-up artistry, is one of the noblest works of man. It is tall and frosted and stately and it is accompanied by two fully clothed straws. It is filled with ice of large displacement and a sample orchard, dominated by a ripe, red, round, luscious maraschino cherry.

The last-mentioned garnishment is seen bobbing in the lemonade surf. You disregard it at first, reserving it as an *entremets*, but by the time the level of the beverage is lowered, the cherry has sunk and is ice-bound in the glass's antarctic circle. Making chopsticks of your straws, you fish for the cherry and clamp it cleverly. Just as you bring it to the surface, it slips away. You fish again and the straws crumple up—bent reeds.

Thus baffled, you determine to eat the blame thing out of house and home. After consuming several slices of sour orange, a waterlogged strawberry, a tough and stringy segment of pineapple and three teeth-destroying hunks of ice, you give up.

You turn to force, since strategy failed. You thrust your hand into the glass after that darn cherry. But the glass is small, the ice floes formidable and the sugar sticky. The cherry slips away.

A kind lady at your table graciously offers aid. A quick movement of her dainty little hand, a pounce by her slim fingers and the elusive fruit is captured.

Then she smiles roguishly at you and eats your cherry.

Fairfax Downey.

Broadcastings

By Montague Glass



SOMEHOW or another, the recent Moving Picture Convention held under the joint auspices of the Authors' League and Miss Fannie Hurst, leaves one with the impression that the operation of a well-known author selling a manuscript to a moving picture manufacturer has points of resemblance to the usual operation for appendicitis. That is to say, the patient—I mean the author—is strapped down to a stretcher, an ether cone is pressed over his mouth and nose, and after anesthesia is complete, an appropriate incision is made in the region of his bank account and twenty thousand dollars is inserted.

Certainly no writer of reputation, free from ether and in his full senses, would entrust his delicate works of art to a moving picture manufacturer, when the entire writing world has record notice, as the lawyers say, that a story written for limited circulation must of necessity be altered if it is to be exhibited to an audience of thirty million people. It is, therefore, charitable to believe that neither Miss Fannie Hurst nor Mr. Basil King ever consciously negotiated with a moving picture manufacturer for the sale of a story, and since at the convention they so roundly denounced moving picture manufacturers, it necessarily follows that they will never sell another story to a moving picture manufacturer for any consideration, which of course leaves the entire moving picture industry static and gasping for air.

PUBLIC dining has never been worse in these United States, and this applies particularly to metropolitan hotels with established reputations for what the French call *cuisine soignée*. Atrocities are committed in the name of soup which an outraged customer could avenge only by making the chef swallow the stuff himself. Consommé at forty-five to fifty-five cents a small cup possesses no flavor as far as any human being can detect, except that the other day, in one of the hotels de luxe, the chicken consommé had just the faintest suggestion of finnan haddie. As for the thick soups, they come under the head of Bill Posters' Supplies; i. e., they possess tremendous viscosity but are otherwise colorless, tasteless, and odorless. Sizing also masquerades as sauce in the following plats:

Sole Marguéry

Old Fashioned Chicken Pot Pie

Sûpreme of Guinea Hen Sous Cloche

Asparagus Hollandaise and

All dishes with unfamiliar French names

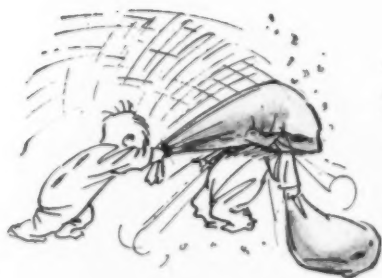
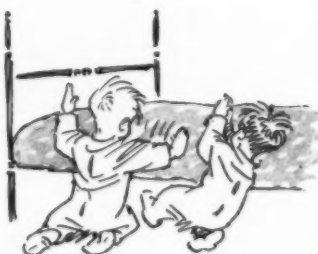
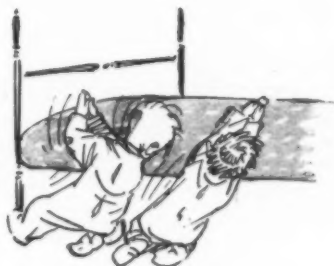
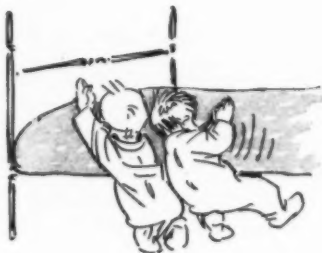
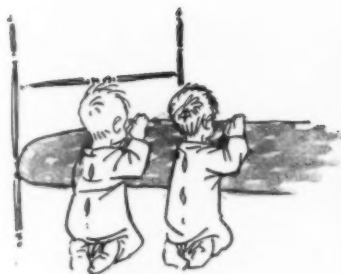
Thus for a trifle of nineteen dollars or so, any two people can rise from the table of the average de luxe hotel in New York, feeling as satisfied as a couple of twenty-four-sheet circus posters.

NO POLITICS more foreign than the Nebraska State Elections interests the citizens of the State of Kansas. It is therefore perfectly clear why President Harding wasted

(Continued on page 35)



"WHY IS IT, MR. SAPP, THAT YOU NEVER MARRIED?"
"OH! I'M JUST SMART, I GUESS."



SKIPPY'S PAL SPENDS THE NIGHT WITH HIM



AUGUST 2, 1923

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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ONE notes partly with pity, partly with amusement, the efforts of the Drys to create

a feeling that the purchase or consumption of unlawful stimulants is an awful moral offense. They are scandalized at the wickedness of the bootleggers and their customers. They think Volstead and his law have established a new sin and that everyone ought to recognize its sinfulness. From most of these overenthusiastic exhorters one expects nothing better, but consider the *Springfield Republican* and the *New York Evening Post*. They have traditions of intelligence behind them. Bro. Hooker and Bro. Gay ought to understand the liquor situation and just what the violation of the Volstead act means, but if they do, they do not show it. Here is the *Post* printing conspicuously on its editorial page a cry from the *Manufacturers' Record* telling us what we do if we drink the bootleggers' whisky. By so doing, the *Record* says, we encourage the anarchist and the lawbreaker, sow moral rottenness in the hearts of our children, seek to destroy all patriotism, dishonor the American flag, encourage murder, and make ourselves partners in a criminality that seeks to break down every law of man and God. Certainly that is a heavy burden of guilt. But who took so many of us from a state of comparative innocence and turned us into the dangerous culprits that the *Manufacturers' Record* describes? Was it the Wets or the Drys?

The major part of the responsibility for the law-breaking that goes on, and is a great evil and a source of immense demoralization, belongs on the shoulders of the Drys. They put

through a law which had no moral sanction. They think they made a new sin, but what they did make was a new illegality. Nobody complains about the enforcement of their law, but they whimper and scold continually because it is not better obeyed. If they want it obeyed they must enforce it. But they will not get enforcement by merely urging folks to support the constitution.



MR. HARDING says, and they quote him, "Support the constitution and obey the laws as they are enacted," and he proclaims that he has given his whole-hearted support to the prohibition unit in its difficult task of enforcing the national prohibition act.

Of course he has. As President he could not do less. So far as known he is not especially sanctified in the matter of beverages, but grew up like Grover Cleveland and other good men in the school of politics where poker was sometimes played and whisky sometimes drunk. He is not a teetotaler unless he has come recently to that state of grace, and has probably only a moderate enthusiasm for the dry laws, and no disposition at all to come between any voter and any beverage which will enable him to vote the Republican ticket with resignation. But as President he must support all the laws he can, and as a candidate for reelection he is entitled to make such noises as he thinks expedient about the earnestness with which he supports the laws the Drys love best.

As President, however, Mr. Harding has to support not only the dry amendment in the constitution, but Article IV, and the other provisions

in that document that protect citizens from too much inquisition and make it so difficult for the Volstead law to be effectively enforced in unwilling States. That is what the Drys are up against, that is why they raise these wails about obedience to law. They got their amendment into the constitution but have not yet been able to eliminate from the constitution the bill of rights, so that, as it stands, the constitution is a house appreciably divided against itself.



SO the chief part of the blame for the lawlessness which prevails belongs to the Drys. They attempted more than the law allows. They tried to stamp out at one whoop habits and customs thousands of years old. They tried to establish a new morality by legislation, which is always a slow job. They closed the saloons and stopped the exploitation of the public by brewers and liquor dealers and in that they have had abundant popular backing. They enacted a law which contained an absurd definition of intoxicants and insisted on suppressing comparatively harmless beverages, and in that they have done badly. They study to compel millions of people to submit unwillingly to their wishes. They would do better to discover what part of their wishes the millions are willing to submit to. They have done much good and much harm. The problem is to save the good they have accomplished and undo the harm.

Meanwhile, bootlegging is an abomination and a nuisance. It corrupts morals, does all sorts of harm, and dispenses objectionable, unreliable and sometimes poisonous drinks at absurd cost. The Drys have done far more than the Wets to fasten it onto us. Let them take to heart the wails and execrations of Bro. Gay in the *Evening Post*, and Bro. Hooker in the *Springfield Republican*, and of the *Manufacturers' Record*, and see what they can do to rid us of this great evil before the sufferers by it get a chance at them at the polls. Folks whose homes have been blasted by the Drys and their bootleggers will show just as much resentment in the end as though their homes had been blasted directly by the allies of the Demon Rum.

E. S. Martin.



"YES, WE WANT NO MORE PICNICS—"



The Ha'nted P

LIFE



Ha'nted House



A Few Words About Joe Cook

ANYTHING involving Joe Cook robs us of whatever critical faculties we may possess, which therefore renders the following review of "The Vanities of 1923" worthless. Unless you happen to believe, as we do, that Joe Cook should be the next President of the United States. He could be the entire Cabinet, too, with the aid of his genial assistant with the blond waterfall mustache.

Since we would rave about a biblical skit by Charles Rann Kennedy if it gave Joe Cook a chance to imitate three Hi-wayans, we are in no state of mind to pass on the actual value of Mr. Carroll's undeniably beautiful "Vanities." They may be terrible, but we doubt it. At any rate, we distinctly remember laughing at times when Joe Cook was not on, and that is no small accomplishment for somebody.

The Cook act suffers considerably from being broken up into pieces in order to get it through the door from vaudeville, but it is still the same epoch-marking repudiation of all standards of sanity which have held civilization cowed for so many centuries (seven, I think it is, or possibly eight). You either like Joe Cook or you don't, but upon your feeling in the matter depends whether or not you shall marry my daughter.



ON analysis (oh, just a little analysis, please) we find that the thesis, "Yes, we have no bananas," is a logical outgrowth of the Joe Cook philosophy. For many months Mr. Cook has been saying to his accomplice: "How's your uncle?" To which the reply is: "I have no uncle." "And how is he?" says Mr. Cook. "Oh, he's fine," is the transcendental answer.

Or again: "Those carrot-seeds you gave me yesterday haven't come up yet."

"Did you plant them?"

"No."

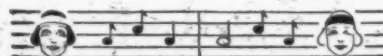
"That's funny. I certainly don't understand, then, why they haven't come up."

In this school of thought it will be seen that "Yes," when it means anything, means "No." And you can't get much farther than that on the road to Ultimate Truth.



OF course, none of this takes into consideration the fact that Joe Cook, aside from having one of the great minds of the age, can also really do the myriad tricks which he burlesques. He is an expert in all the lines that

he kids, wherein he has it on several thousand of us kidders. We have seldom seen a greater exhibition of repression than in his act with the ball, on top of which he makes his way up an incline. The most difficult part of this trick, as he used to do it in vaudeville, was coming down a flight of steps on the other side, still mounted on top of the ball. In the present act, he makes believe that he can not do this, and *never does it*. He allows the audience to go away believing that it was too much for him, when, all the time, he had it in his power to win applause and send them home marvelling at his dexterity. We are not at all sure that, in addition to everything else, Joe Cook could not found a new religion.



NOW that we have had a word about Joe Cook, let us turn to the rest of Mr. Carroll's show. There is an abundance of a certain type of comedy which always gets a laugh from us, *viz.*, that furnished by elaborately but badly dressed assistants. Jimmie Duffy (who announces himself as Mr. Duffy of Gallagher and Shean) has a couple of lackeys in attendance on him who are remarkable specimens of the old-fashioned servant such as one seldom sees nowadays. Then Joe Cook (we are coming around to Joe Cook himself, later) has his Blond Beast, and another who acts as a disinterested witness to his legerdemain, both very charming characters.

We must not forget Mr. J. Frank Leslie, who, wearing what is known as "full evening-dress," appears now and again before the curtain to give what is announced on the program as "Baritone Solo.....J. Frank Leslie," or "Vocal Selection.....J. Frank Leslie," none of which, however, is ever completed, owing to the interruption of a mysterious voice from back-stage yelling: "All right, Jack!" at which J. Frank Leslie takes a deep bow and retires, his vocal selection unfinished. Not exactly a new stunt, but one very, very dear to our heart.



AS for Mr. Carroll's introduction of Miss (it is "Miss," isn't it?) Peggy Hopkins Joyce into his show, we can only say that it was probably a very good business-move on his part, as there are a great many people who want to see her and Miss Joyce evidently doesn't mind being seen. She is very pretty, and if she doesn't object to being placed on exhibition under the circumstances, it certainly is none of my business. She never got a nickel of mine.

Robert C. Benchley.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

More or Less Serious

The Fool. *Times Square*—Acting version of the New Testament, applied to modern problems.

Rain. *Marine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in a memorable attack on evangelism, the South Sea climate, and the male sex.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—Imitation drama, dealing with Parisian life and calling for much heavy acting.

Sun Up. *Provincetown*—Intensive emotion in the backwoods.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—A very sore point with this department. Please don't ask us about it.

Aren't We All. *Gaiety*—Light and very nice indeed.

The Devil's Disciple. *Garrick*—Unshavian Shaw, except for one delightful act.

Merton of the Movies. *Cort*—An appealing hero in the person of Glenn Hunter dragging your heart through a good dramatization of the novel.

Two Fellows and a Girl. *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed next week.

Zander the Great. *Empire*—Alice Brady among the bootleggers.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Adrienne. *George M. Cohan's*—Regulation summer product, featuring Richard Carle, Billy B. Van and Vivienne Segal.

Fashions of 1923. *Lyceum*—To be reviewed next week.

Helen of Troy. *N. Y. Selwyn*—Sprightly musical romance of the collar business, with a thoroughly good cast.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Bobby Clark still leading the comedy forces in an elaborate revue.

Passing Show of 1923. *Winter Garden*—The best of the Winter Garden shows.

Scandals of 1923. *Globe*—George White's current offering, containing Johnny Dooley and Lester Allen, if you feel you have to laugh.

Vanities of 1923. *Earl Carroll*—Reviewed in this issue.

Wildflower. *Casino*—Still the best music in town.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Last season's show, with Eddie Cantor and Ann Pennington taking the place of Will Rogers, if possible.

The Right School for Buster

MOTHER wants Buster to go to that prep school with the Early English embossing on its catalogue.

Aunt Gracie favors the one which emphasizes a strong religious influence.

Uncle George, who quit school in the fourth grade, casts his vote for the one offering a heavy course in Greek and Latin.

Father is willing to take a chance on any one under \$2,000 a year.

But Sister says they had better choose the school that will take him.

McC. H.

How to Know the Plays

IF all the characters are dressed in queer-looking costumes of an unknown period and speak their lines like a young politician making his first address, it's a classical play.

If it's filled with quotations you've heard before, it's probably Shakespeare.

If after four acts and thirty-one scenes you haven't the slightest idea what it's all about, it's undoubtedly the masterpiece of a Russian playwright.

If the first scene is liberally sprinkled with amours and disparaging discussion of absent husbands, it's French farce.

If the dialogue is made up chiefly

of profanity and vile epithets, it's the work of a "realistic" writer.

If it bores you, it's a "strong" drama with a "message."

If the chief male character wears cowhide boots with his dinner clothes, it's a drama of American finance.

If the comedians wink confidentially at the audience, they're about to spring a Prohibition joke.

If the trap-drummer whangs a gong two or three times as the curtain rises, it's positive proof you're going to witness a Chinese play.

And if you find yourself enjoying the show, it's sure to be a cheap bit of clap-trap calculated only to enrich the producer.

L. A. M.



"JACK, DO YOU BELIEVE THAT FIGURES DON'T LIE?"

"WELL, THOSE TWO THERE APPEAR PERFECTLY TRUTHFUL AS FAR AS I CAN SEE."



FOOLISH STYLE—WASN'T IT?

My friend Mrs. Spuyten Van Bile
Yanked her teeth out when gums were the style.
The style changed, you bet,
So she ordered a set—
Till they came, the poor dear couldn't smile!

Humor in the Making

A Drama of the Musical Comedy Industry

Book by J. Miller; Lyrics by Milton Blaatz; Score by Innings.

BLAATZ (*genially*): Right here, now, we should have a good snappy line. Something the boss should be sure to pull on his stenographer the next morning.

MILLER (*brightly*): Well, lemme see. The juvenile has just finished his comedy number. What's it again?

BLAATZ (*proudly*): "The Man in the Moon Is a Moonshine Man." A sure riot, that number.

MILLER (*unimpressed*): Then he staggers offstage, don't he?

BLAATZ (*indifferently*): Yeh!

MILLER (*uncertainly*): Well, then, how about having the prima donna say, "He's got the speak-easy staggers"?

BLAATZ (*firmly*): Naw!

MILLER (*a bit downcast*): Naw! That's not so good. (*Muses.*) She

could say, "Follow the green line, kid." But that's pretty old. Still, there's always a laugh in the subway. How about, "There goes the Subway Son"?

BLAATZ (*more firmly than ever*): Naw!

MILLER (*brightly*): Maybe she could do some Scotch stuff and say, "Hootch, mon! Hootch!"

BLAATZ (*sadly*): Harry Lauder's sure to pull that one.

MILLER (*regretfully*): I guess maybe he will. Here's something might do: "One drop of bootleg makes the whole world kin."

BLAATZ (*scornfully*): That don't mean nothing.

MILLER (*amazed*): Don't you get it?

BLAATZ (*more amazed*): Get what?

MILLER (*sorrowfully*): Naw! Then that won't do. (*Thinks—honestly he does.*) Lemme see. He staggers offstage. Why can't we get the orchestra to play that old thing the kids hum for a lame man? You know. (*Hums.*) Rum-ti-tum. Rum-ti-tum. Rum-ti-tum-ti-ti-tum-ti-tum. Then she could sort of sing, "Haig-an'-Haig. Haig-an'-Haig. Haig-an'-Haig-an'-Haig-an'-Haig."

BLAATZ (*aggressively*): We don't want a parade or a song and dance. A line we want; a good, snappy line.

MILLER (*dubiously*): Might use, "He's got that twelve-quart look."

BLAATZ (*definitely*): We might, but we won't.

MILLER (*triumphantly—after a long pause*): I got it. I got it. She says, "There's so much wood in alcohol these days that you get splinters in your fingers when you pour out a drink." How's that?

BLAATZ (*enthusiastically*): That's it, kid. I couldn't do no better myself. Bernard Shaw couldn't do no better than that. It's a guaranteed, A No. 1, sure-fire knockout.

MILLER (*reverently repeating*): There's so much wood in alcohol these days that you get splinters in your fingers pouring out a drink.

BLAATZ (*admiringly*): That's a bear of a line. They'll steal that for the Follies sure. A bear of a line.

(*Curtain.*)

J. K. McGuinness.

Europe

WITHOUT the gate,
I stand and wait,
Like the beggar of old,
Shivering, cold. . .
There is a difference, though,
And one might place it so:
He wanted crumbs from the rich
man's board,
I wait for the love of man you hoard
For yourself. F. M.

Hottest-Day Thoughts

WHAT is the distance to the
North Pole?
Where is the nearest ice plant?
When did the Big Blizzard occur?
Is it difficult to learn how to ski?
What is the fare to Greenland?
Who invented the sleigh?
Isn't freezing a pleasant death?
When was "Snowbound" written?
Who first thought of summer furs?
What are the proper ingredients
of a Mint Julep?

A Venetian Romance

A Love Story Without Conversation.

AT a corner table, overlooking the terrace, they sat sipping their coffee. There was the flush of glorious youth upon her cheeks, and his deep, brown eyes sparkled with fervor.

"———," he said to her, as he offered her a cigarette.

"———," she replied.

The strains of a stringed orchestra filtered from below, and a pale sulphur moon hung on the tops of the trees. There was a subtle magic in the soft breeze that floated off the Adriatic. Raising his cup to his lips, he turned to her.

"———," he whispered, weighing his words with effect.

"———?" she inquired. But he merely gazed into the starlit distance.

A few minutes later, he summoned a merial, paid for the refreshments and, throwing a silk wrap about her snow-pink shoulders, escorted her into the ball-room.

II

The dance was the gayest and most brilliant of the season, for, from far and wide, the world of fame and fashion had assembled—a scene of splendor and dazzle.

In a balcony box the couple gazed down upon the sea of merry-makers as the last note of the final waltz echoed throughout the hall.

"———," she



The Horse: IT'S ALL BUNK ABOUT TRACTORS AND TRUCKS TAKING THE PLACE OF THE HORSE ON THE FARM. I WISH THEY WOULD.

breathed, and her little gloved hand pressed against his muscular arm.

"———," he told her.

III

They were drifting down the Grand Canal out towards the Lido. Somewhere some one strummed a mando-

lin; somewhere some one warbled a languorous ballad. Her fair head rested upon his square shoulder.

"———," he observed, pointing to a fleeting cloud overhead.

"———," she sighed.

Soon, only the lapping of the wave-lets against the gliding gondola was audible; and he knelt at her feet.

"———?" he asked her. And she answered "———"

Charles G. Shaw.

Oi Temperruh! Oi Mawruss!

Oh, the Manners! Oh, the Times!
Oh, the nameless, shameless crimes!
Oh, the Dances—oh, the Dress—
Oh, the wanton Wickedness!
Oh, the Morals of the Nation—
Oh, the Younger Generation!
It would make a body blue:
Whatever are we coming to?
Goodness gracious sakes alive,
Now it's Nineteen Ninety-Five,
Life ain't what it used to be
Back in dear old 'Twenty-Three!

Cyril B. Egan.

"HOW did the new minister pronounce the benediction?"

"As spelled."



UNDER TWO FLAGS

The Silent Drama

"Merry-Go-Round"

THIS department has been dedicated, since its inception, to the work of kidding the phrase, "It's a Universal Super-Jewel," which is used by Carl Laemmle to describe any picture on which he has spent a large sum of money.

It is probably the hampest label in an industry which has already defaced the English language beyond recognition—and any picture thus branded deserves all the hoarse laughter that it inspires. Fortunately, some of the "Universal Super-Jewels" possess legitimate merit, which enables them to rise above their press agents and gain a measure of serious recognition.

"Merry-Go-Round," for instance, is a production that started out as just a Super-Jewel—and then made good.

"MERRY-GO-ROUND" was conceived originally by Erich von Stroheim, a director of genius, for all his "Foolish Wives," and completed by Rupert Julian, who apparently possesses the qualities that von Stroheim lacks. Between them, they have done a remarkably good job.

The flavor of "Merry-Go-Round" is pre-war Viennese and, while I am no authority on the subject, I believe that this flavor is correct in every respect. The characters of the piece are nearly all humble performers who work, like Molnar's *Liliom*, in an amusement park. They live in a world of painted canvas, ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds, and cheap side-shows; but they love, hate and do all the things that are conceded to be characteristic of this excessively human race. Mr. Julian has made the people marvelously realistic: their tawdry clothes, their crude emotions and their theatric outlook upon life are reflected vividly on the screen.

Mary Philbin, George Hackathorne and Norman Kerry bear the brunt of the heavy acting, and they all stand up well—although the chief honors of the performance are captured by a talented ape.

IN its pictorial excellence and its dramatic power, "Merry-Go-Round" is an exceptionally fine picture.

If it could only be divorced from that devastating term, "A Universal Super-Jewel," it would be pretty near perfect.

"Wandering Daughters"

BOX-OFFICE titles travel in cycles, and we have now come to a point at which the word "Daughters" is prominently featured.

Just why there should be such a strong demand for daughters, I am unable to say; but there it is, indisputably evident. We have had "Daughters of the Rich," "Daughters of the Poor," "Prodigal Daughters," "A Daughter of Luxury" and others of the same kind.

Now we are treated to "Wandering Daughters," which proves to be just as stupid as the rest. It was directed by James Young, who ought to know better, and played by a competent cast; but the gloss which they impart

to it isn't thick enough to hide the layer of decayed hokum that lurks beneath.

"Rupert of Hentzau"

IN the wake of Rex Ingram's fine presentation of "The Prisoner of Zenda" comes Selznick's "Rupert of Hentzau," with a typical benefit cast and a production that worked havoc with somebody's bank-roll.

"Rupert of Hentzau" shows forcibly what money can't buy.

Although almost every member of the cast is a star, of one kind or another, every part is misplayed. Lew Cody, a fine actor, does not approximate the dashing character of *Rupert*, and Bert Lytell fails to realize the responsibilities of *Rassendyl*. Elaine Hammerstein is laughable as *Queen Flavia*.

Perhaps "Rupert of Hentzau" would seem better were it not for the example set by "The Prisoner of Zenda." In the circumstances, however, it can't be rated as more than a feeble imitation of the real thing.

Ben Turpin

ADMIRERS of Ben Turpin will derive one of the greatest laughs of their lives from "Where Is My Wandering Boy This Evening?" his latest comedy.

Ben, clad in his humble nightie, is kneeling before a little trundle bed, saying his prayers. An irreverent bolt of lightning comes crashing down from the turbulent heavens and scores a bull's-eye on Ben. When the smoke has cleared, and he is once more visible to his ardent public, a large, jagged, black streak is apparent on Ben's pajamas—as evidence that the lightning struck its mark.

This one, tremendous moment is more important than "Wandering Daughters" and "Rupert of Hentzau" added together and multiplied by "Human Wreckage."

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 33)



BERT LYTELL, WITH JAW, IN "RUPERT OF HENTZAU."



"GEE, THIS HAS BEEN A ROTTEN DAY,
EVERYBODY GONE AND I HAVEN'T
PULLED ANYTHING ROUGH YET."



"I HAVE IT. I'LL TRY THE KITCHEN."



"HERE'S WHERE I GET A START, COOK'S
FORGOTTEN TO PUT AWAY THE MILK."



"DISGUSTING! I CAN'T REACH IT."



"I'M AFRAID I AM A FAILURE."



"NO, NOT YET. ONE MORE CHANCE.
I'LL SCRAMBLE EVERY BED IN THE
HOUSE."



"STUNG! THEY'VE CLOSED EVERY BED-
ROOM."



"OH! THE BIG IDEA!"



"I'LL WAIT TILL THEY'VE ALL GONE
TO BED, THEN I'LL HOWL ALL NIGHT."

HIS TRUMP CARD

Robt. Dickson



On the Rhine

Influence of the Allies' occupation of Rhine territory. Heard in a back street of Cologne. Small German urchin, dragging smaller brother home at bed-time: "Komm, you Mister Fritz, ally couchy."
—*London Morning Post*.

The Sons Forgather

BERTIE: This father and son dinner to-night is a beastly bore.

BOB: Oh, it isn't so bad. We don't have to pay any attention to the fathers.—*D. A. C. News*.

A SNAKE was discovered in the wings at a Paris theatre. The poor reptile probably thought it had found its way back to the Garden of Eden.
—*Humorist (London)*.

"BLEGGINS is going West."

"To grow up with the country or get a divorce?"—*Washington Star*.



Mrs. Newreach: WHAT'S THAT CROSS ON YOUR COAT, JOHN?

Mr. Newreach: IT'S IN CASE THE PRESS TAKE OUR PHOTOS. 'AVEN'T YOU NOTICED IT'S THOSE MARKED WITH A CROSS THAT GETS THEIR NAMES PRINTED UNDER THE PICTURES?—*Bystander (London)*.

Laughter

Little gusts of laughter shake me.
Like the wind in an aspen-tree.

Folk regard me, ah, so gravely—
Owlsh dears, but I walk bravely,

Folding laughter, lightly, tightly,
Round me like a garment brightly;

Wearing laughter like a flower
Every day and every hour.

Thus I walk, ah me, so bravely;
Knowing folk regard me gravely

Just because sweet laughter shakes me
Like the wind in an aspen-tree.

—*Ivy Gibbs, in the Bulletin (Sydney)*.

The Early Bird

HE (ardently): Every morning my first thought is of you, dear.

SHE: Your cousin says that too.

HE: But I get up an hour earlier than he does.

—*Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich)*.

"At sight of the Grand Canyon Harding was speechless."

Why not build a Grand Canyon in Washington?—*Nashville Tennessean*.

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THEY HAD CHAPERONS."



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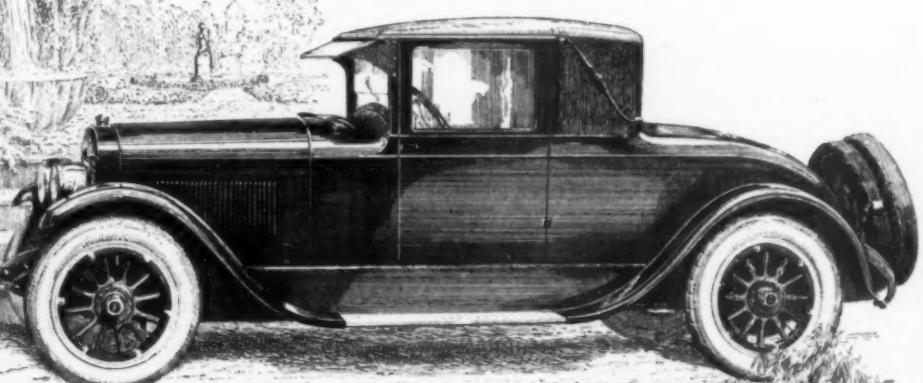
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Not Disfigured for Life

A five-year-old, who had fallen and cut his lip so that it was necessary for the doctor to stitch the wound, after bearing the pain bravely, turned to his mother, who was making much ado over the operation, and said:

"Never mind, mama, my moustache will cover it."

—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

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Speaking of vanity, the story is told of a politician who the day before he was to make a certain speech sent a forty-one page report of it to all the papers. On page 30 appeared this paragraph: "But the hour grows late and I must close. (Cries of 'No, no! Go on! Go on!')"—*Boston Transcript.*

No Trouble at All

"Do you have trouble with your new servant?"

"Not a bit."

"Really, how do you manage?"

"We don't. She manages."

—*London Daily News.*

All Stars

"This play," insinuated the agent to Mrs. Charity Flubdub, "is ideal for amateurs. It has nothing but leading parts!"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Deadly Apprehension

After many long years they met again, the old tragedian and the dear old lady who was once a lovely Rosalind. And since they had been sweethearts once, he embraced her. Then he started back. "Woman," he cried, "what's that noise you're making?"

She trembled at the anger in his voice. "It's only asthma," she faltered. With a sigh of relief, he turned and mopped his brow. "Heavens!" he murmured. "I thought you were hissing me."—*London Daily Express.*

A Circus Story

An old man approached the ticket wagon on the circus grounds and asked for three seats for the afternoon performance.

"Sorry, but we're sold out," the ticket seller told him.

"You mean to say you haven't even three seats you can sell me?"

"That's about the situation."

"Well," opined the old man with acerbity, "I call that derved poor management!"—*Nation's Business.*

Fine Linen

YOUNG MISTRESS (to new maid): Don't tell me that you worked for a countess! Why, my girl, I can scarcely believe it.

NEW MAID: If you don't believe me, ma'am, I can show you my lingerie and you can see the coronets on it for yourself.—*Sans-Gêne (Paris).*

"THE new formula attributed to me, 'Oh hell, I am well,' is a canard and I beg you to deny it."—*Prof. Emil Coué.*

So, Emil? What seems to be the ailment?—*Detroit News.*



Time to Re-tire?
Buy

FISK

Opportunity and the Wolf

OPPORTUNITY and the Wolf met at the door of a Poet.

"How do you do, Opportunity?" said the Wolf, pleasantly showing his teeth.

"How d'do, Wolf," responded Opportunity with cold disdain.

"Have you knocked?" said the Wolf politely.

"Yes," said Opportunity, "but I have received no answer."

"Why don't you knock again?" asked the Wolf, his tongue lolling leisurely in his mouth.

"I don't know that I shall," said Opportunity surlily. "'Tis my custom to knock but once, you know!"

"Oh, knock again," pleaded the Wolf; "the poor fellow mayn't have heard you."

Opportunity looked in amazement at the Wolf.

"I must say," said he, "you are the quaintest, unhowlingest, most Christian wolf I have known since the Assian of Gubbio.—Very well, fellow, I shall knock. Only—" and Opportunity eyed the monster cautiously—"you must promise, when the door opens, not to make any unseemly advances upon yon miserable wretch."

"I promise," solemnly said the Wolf.

Knock! Knock! Knock! went the knuckles of Opportunity on the slender panels of the Poet's portal.

Presently the Poet came to the door, while the Wolf retreated discreetly out of view.

"Well, if it isn't old Opportunity," cried the Poet. "Why didn't you knock before?"

"I did knock before," said Opportunity; "but you failed to heed me. I knocked a second time only at the earnest solicitation of a most Chris-

tian wolf I found slinking around your door."

"How interesting," said the Poet. "Come in,—rest yourself while I write a poem about this bizarrely amiable beast!..."

One week later, his incisors unpleasantly exposed, the Wolf came back to the door of the Poet. Now the Bard had been fed, for he had sold his poem; but bored Opportunity had flown—to seek the more congenial portal of a bootlegger.

"As a rule," said the Wolf contemptuously, "poets are such miserable pickings—especially the Utter Failures. There is more relish in the discussion of a Near Success. Heigh-ho,—Patience is a Virtue!"

Then, shattering the air with three deep-throated howls, he lunged destructively through the fragile panels of the door.

C. B. E.

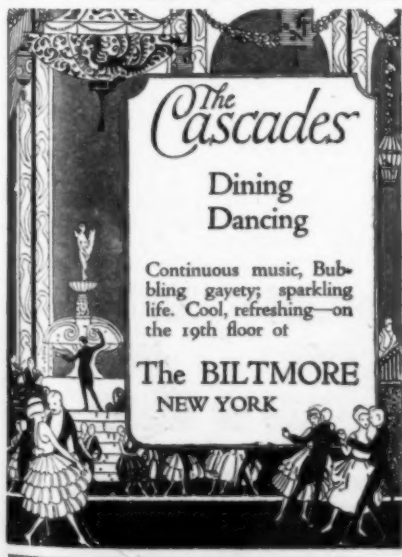
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—Le Rire (Paris).

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and ruins your teeth

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Dental authorities are not insensible to this condition. Today they are preaching and practicing the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth. Thousands of dentists have written us to tell how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziralol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and keep them firm and healthy.

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UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

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To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for teeth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Know Your Drama

A NEW YORK (N. Y.) vaudeville theatre has recently advertised on its bill of attractions, "Ethel Barrymore in 'The Twelve Pound (\$60) Look'." This praiseworthy attempt to bring the real meaning of drama within the understanding of the masses is well worthy of assistance from us all.

To do my share in furthering this great movement I suggest that the titles of the following plays might also be amplified as indicated:

"Abraham Lincoln (16th pres., U. S.)."

"The Mikado (emp. Japan)."

"So This Is London (Eng.)!"

"The Green (jade) Goddess."

"Hamlet (crown prince of Denmark)."

"The (2) Rivals."

A. C. M. A., Jr.

Of course you were disappointed in your vacation, but never mind—a year from now you'll be disappointed again.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 9)

good, had the garbage searched and recovered it, wet but authoritative.... To bed at a seasonable hour, after eating the apple which I found on my night table, the first in I know not how many years.

July
28th

Made a good breakfast, as I always do away from home, and then for a row upon the lake, albeit I am extremely timorous about getting in and out of boats. And I did think some of requesting the boatman to place me in the scull before he and his aide launched it, but bethought me in time of the laughter I should awaken, so took my courage in my hands and made out excellently.... This day I did make a solemn vow never to leave home again with naught but new frocks, for in dressing for luncheon I was at my wits' end to tell the front from the back of three I tried on, the zany of a sempstress having sewed the sashes down in an unaccustomed manner, and so great my rage and haste that I ruined my coiffure thrice and held up the meal ten minutes.

Baird Leonard.

Studies in Pessimism

I WORK for a moderate salary, so: I can't live in one of those cheerful model tenements.

My children and I can't attend a free clinic and obtain the best of medical attention when we're sick.

The "little ones" can't be sent for a vacation in the country or at the seashore—by charity.

By

HENRY T. FINCK

Author of "Foods and Flavor"

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HARPER & BROTHERS
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We aren't provided with one of those Christmas turkeys they give the needy.

No charitably minded women offer to look after my children during their play hours.

And I can't obtain financial assistance from any organization when I am up to my ears in debt.

And I am asked to donate for all these things.

Sometimes I wish I were poor!

T. H. L.



San Francisco's Bit of Italy

Like an old world port on the Mediterranean coast, Fisherman's Wharf captivates every visitor to San Francisco.

Strange manners, strange speech, strange boats manned by stalwart sons of Italy in tam o'shanter and great sea-boots.

And you can reach this spot in ten minutes, starting from your headquarters at THE PALACE.

In San Francisco It's The Palace

THE PALACE HOTEL

Management Halsey & Manwaring, Market at New Montgomery St. San Francisco

THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

Peter the Great. *Hamilton*—A magnificent representation of the man who made Russia a nation, with the powerful Emil Jannings in the title rôle.

Roll Along. *Educational*—A two-reel Christie comedy, done entirely in burnt cork, with a considerable number of hearty laughs and an exciting race between two Mississippi River steamboats.

Daughters of the Rich. *Preferred*—One of those awful things that are bound to happen every so often. It teaches a big moral lesson, but it is difficult to wait long enough to find out what this lesson is.

The Law of the Lawless. *Paramount*—Dorothy Dalton as a Tartar girl who is ensnared by a gypsy Sheik. It is thrilling and pictorially effective all the way.

The Shriek of Araby. *Sennett*—Ben Turpin is funny for a while, and then he isn't so funny.

Penrod and Sam. *First National*—The best picture of American boys that has ever been made.

A Man of Action. *First National*—The adroit Douglas MacLean does what he can to take the spectator's mind off the fact that this is a singularly foolish film.

Only 38. *Paramount*—William de Mille again proves that he can reproduce the humor, the sadness and the drama of average, mediocre existence. Lois Wilson and May McAvoy give excellent performances.

Main Street. *Warner*—Monte Blue and Florence Vidor impersonate the Kennicotts to perfection, but in other respects, this picture is a long distance from Sinclair Lewis's book.

The Girl of the Golden West. *First National*—A collection of old-fashioned melodramatic hokum, naïve enough to be interesting.

Trailing African Wild Animals. *Metro*—Elephants, rhinoceroses, hipopotami, and Mrs. Martin Johnson—all on the same screen.

The White Rose. *United Artists*—David Wark Griffith continues to demonstrate the vulnerability of the lachrymal gland. Aided materially by Mae Marsh, he has made this the teariest picture since "Broken Blossoms."

For Review Next Week—"Hollywood," "A Gentleman of Leisure" and "The Love Piker."

A Mountain

A MOUNTAIN with a cloud on top
And all the winds that blow,
Circling, circling, till they drop
To all the plains below.

A mountain with a trail too rough
For all the world to see,
Is a mountain with just room enough
For all my thoughts and me.

R. L. J.

"Mum"
is the word!



"Mum" prevents body odors

Even the slightest exertion these hot days brings on perspiration and its unpleasant odor. You can't help perspiring. But you *can* prevent the odor that comes to mar your daintiness.

Remember—"Mum" is the word! "Mum" takes all the odor out of perspiration. Apply just a finger-tip of this dainty snow-white cream to the underarm and elsewhere before dressing; then all day and evening you will be entirely free from all other body odors.

Be as active as you like—dance, walk, play tennis—no matter how active you are all day, when evening comes you will be still free from perspiration's unpleasant odor, still as fresh and sweet as after your morning bath.

Yes, "Mum" is the word that means so much to every truly dainty woman. "Mum" is safe—it cannot possibly harm tender skins and tissues, nor injure the most delicate lingerie or gown.

Get "Mum" today—25c and 50c at all stores, or from us post-paid. The new screw-top 50c size is more convenient than the 25c size and contains more than three times as much "Mum".

And get "Amoray", now on sale everywhere—the new Powder-Perfume Talc whose exotic fragrance lasts all day and evening. Dainty and refined, cool and comfortable. 25c or sent postpaid.

You can remove hair on underarms, face, neck or limbs safely and quickly with Evans's Depilatory Outfit, complete for use at your dressing table, 75c.

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Send us \$1 and your dealer's name and address and, we'll send you "Mum" 25c, "Amoray" 25c, and "Evans's Depilatory Outfit" 75c postpaid. Or send 40c for "Mum" and "Amoray." Use this coupon.



Mum Mfg. Co. August, 1923
1108 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

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☐ "Amoray" 25c
☐ Special Offer "Mum" 25c and "Amoray" 25c—40c
☐ Evans's Depilatory Outfit—75c
☐ Special Offer (all three)—\$1.

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Dealer's }
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MUM MFG. CO., 1108 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

"Mum" "Amoray" Talc Evans's Depilatory Outfit Evans's Cucumber Jelly Elder Flower Eye Lotion

Cerebral Poem Not to Be Understood at the First Reading

In the Street of Many Windows
Comes a cartful of color
Banana-bandanna'd,
Cucumber-encumbered,
Gypsied by a neck
Strangled in brilliance,
A cry from the throat
Of the Orient:
"Wah-wang-yah!"

Haroun-al-Rashid adopted disguises.
Mohammed was a camel driver.
Catullus wrote about strange loves.
The Woolworth Building
Has more windows
Than an Eastern tapestry
Silvered with mirrors.

But in this other
Street of Many Windows
There is a Prince of Pineapples,
Caliph of Cucumbers
And fearless fruits.

Oh, to wear a gypsy scarf
And speak Pédlar!
To cry inscrutable things
Which mean
"Ripe bananas, six for ten!"

C. D.

"How is your wife getting along with the car?"

"Fine. Nothing but smashed fenders."

Milo
VIOLETS

The boudoir cigarette -
gold-tipped, delicately
flavored, daintily boxed

Exquisite package
of ten - 25¢
also packed in
de-luxe boxes of
100 - \$2.50

Tobacco Products Corporation, New York

W. L. DOUGLAS

SHOES ARE GOOD SHOES AT REASONABLE PRICES

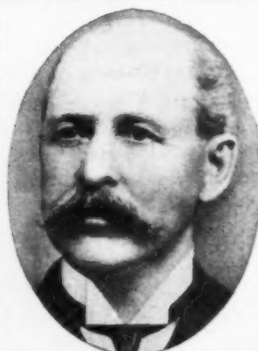
We have in our 116 stores a wonderful assortment of kinds and styles of high-class, stylish shoes suitable for Men, Women and Boys in all walks of life. They are made of high grade, selected leathers. Fine Calf and Vici Kid shoes are our specialty. The quality, style and workmanship are unsurpassed.

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SAVE MONEY BY WEARING
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES
SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY
TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT



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If you have been paying high prices for shoes, why not try a pair of W. L. Douglas \$8.00 shoes? They are exceptionally good value. Frankly, is it not worth while for you to dress your feet in shoes that hold their shape, are easy-fitting, look well, wear well and are reasonable in price?



\$5. \$6. \$7. \$8. & \$9. SHOES

\$4.50 & \$5.00 SHOES FOR BOYS

For thirty-seven years W. L. Douglas name and portrait have stood for a high standard of quality and dependable value. For economy and satisfactory service wear shoes that bear this trade mark. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. Look for W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the sole. Refuse substitutes.

IF NOT FOR SALE IN YOUR VICINITY, WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG SHOWING HOW TO ORDER SHOES BY MAIL. POSTAGE FREE.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.
147 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

TO MERCHANTS: If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas shoes, write today for exclusive rights to handle this quick-selling, quick turn-over line.

A Regular Teller

A COLORED man went to cash a check at a bank operated by members of his own race.

"Man," said the teller, "you ain't got no money in dis yere bank."

"Yes, Ah is," insisted the other. "Ah put ten dollahs in yere six months ago."

"Six months ago!" echoed the teller pityingly. "Laws, cullud man, don't you know de intr'ust done et dat up long ago!"

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Broadcastings

(Continued from page 14)

little time during his transcontinental fence-mending over a discussion of his World Court suggestion. It might be advisable to abandon the scheme altogether, for if Mr. Harding were a lawyer instead of an editor, he would recognize that unless a World Court is backed up by a League of Nations, it would be of as much use as a Police Court without a Police Force. In short, when Mr. Harding talks about a World Court, he reminds one irresistibly of the cuckoo clock which the little girl returned to the clock store. She complained that it ooded before it cucked.

* * *

ARE virtuosi fond of music, or do they begin by being fond of it and end by hating it? In the first place there are the hours of hard labor before one may become a virtuoso at all, and then there are the hours of even harder labor after one arrives. It must have been a rather enjoyable vacation for Paderewski when he became premier of Poland. One doesn't have to practice at an instrument five or six hours daily in order to function skillfully as a premier. In fact it may be suspected that such premiers as Paderewski, Lloyd George, our own Secretary of State Bryan and Mr. Bonar Law really played by ear when they appeared in public—as witness the hyper-acidity of the sour notes attending Mr. Bryan's brief performance.

What I am getting at, however, is that being a virtuoso of either the piano or the violin, is not so much a matter of entertaining the public as of annoying the neighbors, for the ratio of private practice to public performance must be at least ten thousand to one. Then again the conscientious virtuoso must sometimes reflect upon how trifling is the pleasure he gives to the cognoscenti in public compared with the pain he inflicts in private upon the great majority who "don't care for classical music." Think of the high degree of skill it requires for a violinist to play some of the Bach Unaccompanied Sonatas. It is topped in altitude only by the high degree of patience it requires to listen to them.

Hence the reward of the virtuoso is purely golden, and this is small satisfaction for an artist. Mr. Paderewski, who has resumed his profession of piano virtuoso, must sigh for the good old days when he was premier of Poland and could be just as anti-Semitic as he wanted to be without antagonizing the critics and driving money away from the box office.

SOMETIMES the spirit is willing but the flask is weak.

Thirsty?

CALL for the jolly Eskimo kid. Uncap a bottle of his gingery old drink. Fill a glass brimful. Take a good long drink.

Feels great going down the parched throat, doesn't it? That fresh tingling taste just kills a thirst. You like it lots, of course—which isn't unusual; everybody else does too. It's a drink that's popular with just about everybody—young or old or in between, men and women and kids. They all like it.

That's why the Eskimo kid always wears such a genial grin. He's proud of his ginger ale and he has good cause to be—everything in Clicquot Club is the finest to be had. As for the blend—that has pleased folks for thirty-eight years.

Order by the case from your grocer or druggist

The Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

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Pronounced

Klee-Ko

Sarsaparilla
Root Beer
Birch Beer

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Jones Got a Car, Too, and Pounced on the Smiths.

"I HAVE admired anybody's favorite view or sunset for the last time," said Simpson, slamming the screen door as the Greens drove away. "Tomorrow I'm going to take the mortgage money and the children's savings and buy a car of our own. Then we can leave it standing in front of the house on Sunday and sit quietly on our porch without making our friends and neighbors feel sorry for us." He sank into a chair, limp.

"This thing of shouting down the noise of an engine on a hot afternoon so you can convey complimentary remarks to your host's wife in the back seat has at last broken my morale," he went on. "And going at breakneck speed to places I detest and having to exclaim over roadhouse food and say nice things about the skill of the driver and the speed of his car are ruining my summer and my disposition.

"For five years I have fought against getting a car before I could afford it or needed it but to-morrow I plunge. I'll buy two cars if necessary to get to stay at home. I'll have a car by the end of this week."

"That'll be great," responded Mrs. Simpson, sitting up straight on the sofa where she had fallen exhausted. She clapped her hands and bounced across the room toward the telephone. "Maybe if they deliver it right away we can take the Joneses out riding next Sunday. I'm going to call up Helen Jones right now and tell her we'll probably be around in our car and take them out." *McC. H.*

Sunday Morning Slumber

4 A. M....Those mourning doves, nesting in the burr oak at the edge of the sleeping porch, intone their matins. That fool Smith boy wonders if his motorcycle engine is all right and finds out that it is.

5 A. M....The sounds that go with sprinkling a lawn are soothing and restful the other twenty-three hours of the day. At this moment you hate Brown with a hate you never suspected you could hate.

6 A. M....Mental note: Milk bottles should be made of rubber.

7 A. M...."Bambalina" from a bathroom.

8 A. M....Can the cause of those hellish noises from that decrepit automobile be your friend Jones?

9 A. M....Is that paper boy singing or moaning and why?

10 o'clock. Well, might as well get up. There's nothing like a few extra hours of complete rest and relaxation to set a man up for the week. I wish I could remember that waltz from "Blossom Time."

*Tastes better out of the
"Krinkly Bottle"*



WHEN GOOD —and Thirsty

Mother doesn't need to call twice—especially when there's Orange-Crush on ice. Just whisper that magic word "Crush" and see them scamper home, hot and ever so thirsty. ∞ There's a twinkle in the children's eyes that matches the sparkle in the bottle. See it bubble up and watch it gurgle down, every cooling swallow deliciously satisfying. ∞ Here's a secret: mothers and fathers like the "Crushes" too.

ORANGE-CRUSH COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

47 Gt. Tower Street, London, E. C. 3 Orange-Crush Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

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Try Ward's
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The two delicious companion drinks of
Orange-Crush
—also delightful, Crush-
flavored Ice Cream, Ices
and Sherbets.

Ask any retail ice-cream dealer for them.



CONSTITUENTS
Ward's "Crushes" owe their distinctive and delightful flavors to the natural fruit oils of oranges, lemons and limes. To these have been added pure cane sugar, citrus fruit juices, U. S. certified food color, fruit acid and carbonated water.



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